would not direct that boy to be shot, and that I would save him from being shot by anybody else if I could.

First, I tried the "regular official channels/' I appealed to my immediate superior, my corps 'Commander, General Howard, asking him for authority to put off the execution, and laying before him at the same time—to be submitted to the War Department—my reasons for believing that the unfortunate young man should be pardoned. General Howard, with whom'I talked the matter over personally, showed himself very sympathetic, but he told me that he had no power to suspend the order I was to execute. He would, however, forward my request to a higher authority, with a warm endorsement, which, no doubt, he did. The time set for the execution approached, but no answer from the War Department came. On the dreaded day I was ordered to take my command from New Baltimore, Virginia, to some point the name of which I have forgotten, and the poor boy was to be shot at noon on the march. I was firmly resolved not to do it. I did not advise General Howard of my resolution, because I did not wish to involve him in my responsibility. We did, indeed, stop at noon, but merely to give the troops a little rest and time to cook and eat their midday meal. My poor culprit remained undisturbed. When we had gone into camp in the evening, I had him brought into my tent. I told him that an effort was being

made to save him, but that I did not know whether it would succeed. He expressed his gratitude with touching simplicity.
He said that he expected to be shot that day, and that, when the column halted at noon, he was sure that his last moment on earth had come. But when he then heard the bugle signals, indicating that the troops were to be put in motion again, he suddenly wanted something to eat, and he Mt a great joy in bis fcart wMch he was to repress; and would I